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SIMPLICITY.
If power were mine to wield control
Of time within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray:
That I may never cease to be
Wooded daily by expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things—
In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heartbeats at the thought
Of all the good that man has wrought.
With all I never face a dawn
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the star's old sorcery.
—By Meredith Nicholson.

THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Written by One of The Party Who
Witnessed The Horrible Details
And Spent the Night in The
Open Boat.
(From Southside Sentinel.)
The young people of Saluda and vicinity had been planning for some time a trip to Irvington, so on Wednesday, July 14th, most of the young people boarded the launch "Black Bird" at Oaks' Landing, Urbanna creek, and expected to stop at Burton's Wharf for some time to get aboard there. A short time before the launch reached Burton's a storm arose and just as they reached the wharf it began to rain. We quickly fastened the boat to the wharf and got in the warehouse before it rained very much.

After the storm had passed some of the party were very anxious to go on to Irvington, and others said they would not go because it looked stormy. We did not wish to split the crowd, so some one suggested that all get aboard and run out the creek, then come back, eat our lunch and come home. All agreed to this. After getting out the creek it cleared off beautiful and many were anxious to proceed with our trip while some did not wish to go, but said they did not care to rule the crowd and force them to turn around. Finally, I think, all agreed to go on to Irvington, and after we reached the town all seemed delighted. We ate lunch before leaving the boat, and then proceeded to the skating rink to enjoy the twirling in the breeze. It was indeed a merry party and I feel quite sure that no one regretted coming over.

At 9:30 o'clock we left the rink and gave all of the skaters opportunity to cool their bodies and rest, for all were warm and tired from skating. About 10 o'clock all boarded the launch for home, and you could hear all around, "Haven't we had a grand time?" The boat soon started and made a very good run, only stopping once or twice until within ten or fifteen minutes' run of Urbanna when the engine stopped and positively refused to run. The trouble was found to be in the pipe that led from the gasoline tank to the engine. The owner of the boat, with one or two others, went forward to see if the trouble could be located, and soon found it in a short piece of pipe that connected the tank with the long pipe that led to the engine. He pushed a small piece of wire through this short pipe, which removed the article that prevented the flow of gasoline. Of course, as soon as this was done the gasoline began to flow very readily. He was in the act of connecting the two pipes when some of the gasoline splattered on the globes of two lanterns that were held near, and it seemed that in a second the entire front part of the boat was in a blaze. This frightened all on board, but the boys soon regained themselves and in a short time had all the girls on the stern of the boat, and told them to keep still, that the flames could be conquered. The girls threw their skirts and the boys their coats, and dipping them in the water, fought heroically. There were only two small buckets on board, but they were kept in constant use until the flames were under control. We realized that we could not quench the fire until the gasoline was burned, which was twenty odd gallons, and our only hope was to keep the boat from getting too hot and burning, so we fought hard to keep the sides of the boat cool. This we succeeded in doing, and in fifteen or twenty minutes we had the fire quenched. Two of the young men that were holding the lanterns were badly burned, though not seriously, but the owner, Frank Banks, colored, was seriously burned and we fear he will lose his sight. He worked heroically to save us and he has our sympathy in his affliction.

As soon as we found out that the boat was not burned enough to leak any and assured all that there was no further danger, we inquired if anyone was overboard. Someone said: "Jeanette Dudley said she had rather drown than burn, and in the excitement leaped overboard, and Clarence Gray saw her overboard and went over to rescue her." In the excitement two oars, two planks and a bench that we had on board were thrown over, and we had nothing to manage the boat with except a piece of board about five feet long, but we were hopeful, and unfettered our boat from Towles' Point buoy, which we tied to keep from drifting down the river. (We tied there while they were working on the engine before the fire.) At the request all on board became quiet and some one called Clarence to see if we could locate him. We heard him answer, "Save us!" or "Save me!" we couldn't tell which, as we never knew whether he reached Miss Dudley or not. The tide was strong ebb and we tried with this five-foot plank to guide our boat in the direction of his voice, but the tide was carrying us down the river and carrying them down, too, and we had no means of go-

ing faster than the tide. We called him once or twice more and heard him answer, but each time it seemed in a different direction. The last time we called him, we waited almost breathlessly, but did not hear him any more, and not knowing in what direction to go, we drifted along for a while and found we could not do anything more for our lost friends, dropped anchor near the mouth of Corrotoman river between one and two o'clock to await morning with the hopes that some one would be coming along and help us. There we had to sit in wet clothes, the boat wet, some had lost their skirts, some their coats and hats, but this was nothing—we were so thankful that so many of our lives had been spared, but were heart-broken and sad when we realized that we had lost two of our dear friends, and did not know whether they had drowned or drifted ashore. We were in hopes Clarence had reached Miss Dudley and floated ashore somewhere. Some on board said he had a life-preserver when he leaped after her and others said he did not.

Finally morning came, and we saw, it seemed, boats all around us; we tried every way we knew how to hail them, but of no avail, we could not get anyone to come to our rescue. About 7:30 or 8 o'clock we were so tired of the boat, some almost chilled through and all anxious about loved ones at home, were determined to try and help ourselves to get ashore somewhere and get to our loved ones, and ask some one to go and look for those we had lost. We broke up two planks, and splitting them in half, made four oars about five or six feet long, also arranged the engine so that with severe labor we could turn the main wheel and force the boat along. So with some one at each oar and at the wheel we tried to force the boat along, but were moving so slow and the point we were making for, Burhan's Wharf, seemed so far off, (though only a mile) we felt like giving up. It was such severe labor that a good, strong man could only stand at the wheel for a short time. At last we saw a gasoline launch coming from a creek near Burhan's Wharf and hailed them to come to our rescue and tow us to the wharf. He said that he was too busy to stop, (he had a lot of men working with him) but we pleaded with him to come, so he finally said he would tow us there for two dollars. We told him to come on, we would give it to him; he towed us to the wharf and after paying and giving him a short sketch of our trouble, he left and returned to his work. We reached the wharf about fifteen minutes before the Baltimore steamer, "Calvert," reached there and as soon as she landed, that tender-hearted, loving gentleman, Capt. Archie Long, came off the boat and we told him our trouble. He told us to go aboard his boat and he would take us to our homes, and furthermore, turned his boat around and went back towards Towles' Point in search of our two dear friends, but of no avail, they could not be found.

Some of our ladies were very nervous and Capt. Long and his courteous officers were just as nice as they could be and extended their deepest sympathy and offered their assistance to help us in any way. Of course we appreciate this, and shall never forget them. Capt. Long would not accept one cent of recompense for bringing us to Urbanna. On reaching Urbanna with broken hearts and shattered nerves, we were very nervous and it was tough being on our boat. The boat was very crowded, but we were just as nice as they could be; we did not learn the names of them all. There were also several gentlemen passengers, among them a young man, whose services can never be forgotten. Most of our party had to be taken up to Oaks' Landing and that courteous young gentleman, Mr. Geo. Wagenen, Jr., was asked to take them up there on his boat the "Mayflower," and said he would take them with pleasure and it should not cost them one penny. Also Capt. Billy Foush, (as he was called) called that tender-hearted gentleman, as soon as he heard they had to go to Oaks' Landing offered his boat free of charge. One of the young ladies was very nervous and it was tough being on that boat, but we were just as nice as they could be, and Capt. Long quickly secured the services of a vehicle to take her to the home of a relative.

As soon as it was generally known that two had been lost, many offered their boats to search for them. We would like to give the names of all who joined in the search, but do not know them all. Among them were: Mr. Wagenen, Mr. Fitzhugh, Mr. Gundrum, Mr. Howard Bristow, Mr. Aubrey Heath, Dr. Jones, Dr. Kilmer and many others. Anyone knows of anyone else I would be very glad if they would publish their names and let the public see what loving, tender-hearted gentlemen we have. Search was made all day Thursday for them but neither were found or heard of. Early Friday morning some gentleman from Lancaster Co., found the body of Miss Dudley lying on the shore near the mouth of Corrotoman river, and brought it to Urbanna and from there it was taken to Saluda, prepared for burial, and taken at once to West Point (her home) for burial. All the boats hired above, and many others continued the search for the body of Mr. Gray, but it was not found until Sunday morning by some gentleman from Lancaster Co. It was brought to Urbanna and prepared for burial there. The remains were taken charge of by the Saluda Lodge of Odd Fellows, of which he was a faithful member, assisted by members of many neighboring lodges, and buried at Christ Church Sunday afternoon.

Those in the party were: Misses Nannie, Emma, Lizzie and Ruth Deberry, Ed. Lynda and Minnie Anderson, Gladys and Flossie Bristow, Julia and Marguerite Palmer, Jeannette Dudley, Sue Watts, Elsie Allen, Lola Maxwell, Thelma Brown, Bessie Clark and Mrs. Mattie Clifton, Messrs. Frank Moore, Maynard Street, Clarence Gray, Preston Anderson, Martin Watts, Weston and Alva Bristow, Cable Mercer, Harry Shackelford, Joe Mercer, Jack Bland, Walter Palmer, Callie Groom, Pollard and Richard Woodward, Richard Groom, George Bristow, Guss Dunaway, Charles Hewitt and Willie Bristow. [The body of Miss Dudley was found by G. O. Howeth and that of Mr. Gray by Mr. Kellum, both residing near Weems.—EDITOR.]

KEEP PEGGIN' ALONG.
The race is not to the swift they say,
Nor the victory always to the strong;
But the one who perseveres will win
If he'll jes keep peggin' along.
Four way may be steep and your way
may be rough,
And you just a wee might midst the
thrang;
But stick to the right and you'll sure
win the fight.
If you'll jes keep peggin' along.
Don't mind the hard knocks and the
kicks and the cuffs,
Push on; by and by you'll grow
strong;
Don't slacken your pace, you'll sure
win the race.
If you'll jes keep peggin' along.
—J. Conway Jackson, in Washington Herald.

HIS TACTICS REVEALED.

(Westmoreland Inquirer.)
The following from Mr. Tucker's own district shows how he was working in the hands of the republicans after his election to Congress, (by his silence,) when his party in his own district was struggling for supremacy. From this we must judge that he places himself above the people who sent him to Congress. And now, with his advisers in Washington, he is using his utmost endeavors to defeat the man who has always been in the thickest of the fight; at the same time Mr. Tucker, through his selfish motives, is endeavoring to displace the party which he desires to have nominate him for governor. The Southside Virginian says:

"In 1894 Mr. Tucker was the Democratic nominee for Congress in this district. He made an active canvass of every county in the district. From the end of that campaign to the present time his voice has never been raised in behalf of democracy in Appomattox, Buckingham or Cumberland counties. In 1894 the democrats of Appomattox were making a hard fight to maintain their supremacy. They had elected the county officers a few years before, but whether they were able to hold their majority was a question of doubt. Buckingham and Cumberland counties were in the hands of the republicans. In 1895 the democrats of Buckingham made a supreme effort and were victorious. They had a number of hard fights, however, before Buckingham could safely be counted on as a democratic county. The democrats of Cumberland did not gain complete control in that county until 1905.

During these years the friends of democracy, in and out of these counties, were generous in the aid they gave to the hard pressed democrats in their local and other fights, but Mr. Tucker never so much as extended his sympathy in the many hard fought battles. On the other hand, Judge Mann was always at the command of the democrats of these two counties. The above facts are known to every democrat in the three counties. Now the time has come when Mr. Tucker and Judge Mann are asking favors at the hands of our democrats. Should not gratitude and duty impel our people to aid the man who stood by them in their hour of trial, as against the man who has never come to us except when he wanted something?"

Since what has happened in the past few days in regard to the Mann-Mahone letters, we cannot but believe that Mr. Tucker and his Washington advisers are trying to mislead the younger element of the Democratic party, who are unfamiliar with the conditions that existed in the days of the Readjusters, and at the time those letters were written, when General Mahone was elected to the United States Senate by the democrats, and afterwards turned to be a Republican, as those who are familiar with the circumstances have already testified. It is further evident, from Mr. Tucker's political tactics, and those papers that are supporting him, that after he (Tucker) has gotten what he wants from the democrats of Virginia, whether now or in the future, the Democratic party of this State will be ignored, as the case in his own Congressional District. When this is done, who knows but that he will do as Mahone did? His case needs watching by the younger element of the party. Then again, what wing of the party does Tucker belong to, when he is fighting the element that he asks to nominate him for governor?

The most convincing proof that Mr. Tucker is more of a republican than he is a democrat is contained in the following from the Fredericksburg Journal, a republican newspaper. In its issue of July 14th, it says:

"Letters to General Mahone, long since dead, are to figure in the campaign of the candidates for the gubernatorial nomination by the democratic primary. Roosevelt may yet be brought back from Africa to settle the question of the democracy of one of the candidates."

By this the candidate is well known, and from the fact that Mr. Roosevelt is said to figure in Virginia democracy, there is probably an evidence of "a wolf in sheep's clothing."

AFRO-AMERICAN NOTES.
Misses Fannie and Annie Augustus and Mary Mayo, all of Richmond, are visiting Mrs. Sadie E. Taylor and other friends in Churchfield.
A. T. Wright, of Richmond, recently visited at the home of L. L. Montague, at White Stone.
Misses Julia Coleman and Comfort Gaskins, who have been spending several months in Baltimore, are home for the summer.
Mrs. Fannie McPryer, of Heathsville, and Mrs. Olivia Parker, of Avalon,

visited their nieces, Mrs. Mary Wood and Mrs. Carrie Beale, last week. They were also guests of Geo. Yerby and family.
Mrs. Sallie McBeale, of Crisfield Md., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Emma Taylor, has returned home.
Mr. and Mrs. James Jackson, of Avalon, spent Thursday night with their sister, Mrs. R. H. Holmes.
Mr. and Mrs. Logan Montague, of Avalon, spent Thursday night with Mrs. C. H. Fisher, the latter's sister.
Mrs. Sophia Cox, of Baltimore, who has been very ill, is home. She is somewhat improved at this writing.
Mrs. Daisy Wright and niece, of Washington, are guests of the former's brother-in-law, F. A. Wright, near Irvington.
Mrs. Cooper, of Washington, is visiting Mrs. Rebecca Montague at White Stone.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kenner, of Ottomani, visited Mrs. Maggie Beane last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James Waddy lost their little girl recently.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnson lost their infant baby a few days ago.
M. F. Beane, of Sandy Island, spent several days home recently.

Berean S. S. Convention held its 23rd annual session at Sharon Baptist church, July 15th and 16th. President, Mrs. Bettie Gray, called the meeting to order at 10 a. m., which proved to be a very interesting session. Sermon at 11 a. m. by Rev. L. R. Ball. Secretary, W. D. Laws reported forty-five delegates present, after which new officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Bettie Gray, of Wicomico Church; Vice-President, Rev. D. Tacker, of White Stone; Secretary, W. D. Laws, of Avalon; Treasurer, W. M. McKenney, of Lynnhams; Missionaries, S. F. Griffith and M. J. Edwards for Lancaster and R. H. Polk and E. J. Riley for Northumberland.

Wash. Broken, of Baltimore, recently visited friends in Churchfield.
Mrs. Georgia Taylor, of New York, is on a visit to her parents at Moran and Mrs. A. W. Nickens at Kilmarnock.
Mrs. Mamie Brown and children, of Baltimore, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Beane, at Kilmarnock.
Rev. Mr. Parlor, of Richmond, has entered upon his labors as pastor of Calvary Baptist church, near Kilmarnock.

Granville Wiggins, of White Stone, and Herman Wiggins and Jethro Taylor, also of this county, spent Saturday and Sunday with the former's cousin, Mrs. Herbert H. Elzie, at Crisfield. July 30th is regular business meeting at Sharon Baptist church. All members requested to attend at 7:30 p. m.

(Crowded out last week.)
Date of opening of the Camp meeting at Waddy's chapel, near Moran, has been changed from July 23rd to August 6th. The Camp meeting at Asbury church begins Sunday, August 13th. Nathan Taylor recently bought an ox in Middlesex county to replace the one he had killed by lightning.

Mrs. Bertha Johnson, of Tombs, who has been very sick the past two weeks, is now improving.
Mrs. Ida Gordon, of Baltimore, who has been in bad health for five or six months, is now at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Nancy Carter, near Irvington.

Misses Velma and Thudline Gordon are visiting at the home of their cousin, Mrs. Frank Wright, near Irvington.
Bonabel Williams and Irving Gordon, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. Bertha Johnson in Churchfield at this writing.

Miss Cornelia Edwards, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Cora Horsey, of Crisfield, Md., are visiting parents at Tombs. Miss Lottie Laws has returned to her home at Tombs from a visit to Mrs. Horsey.
Jesse Parks and F. A. Wright are delegates and Wm. Jones and R. E. Blackwell alternate from Sharon to the Baptist Association which meets with Mulberry church in Richmond county July 27th to 30th.

Mrs. P. M. Edwards has been elected a delegate to the 53rd annual session of the G. U. O. Galician Fishermen, which meets in Norfolk from August 3rd to 6th.

Miss Birdelle Beane has been quite sick for the past three weeks.
Mrs. Geo. Yerby is out, after a short spell.

BUSTER BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY.
People who have ugly, cross dispositions attract trouble to themselves. Like attractive like and birds of a feather flock together. The happy man attracts happiness. This is true, dear brother; just work it and see. "Unto him that hath it shall be given" whether it is trouble or joy or fame or money, because nothing succeeds like success—success in whatever line you pick out—so some people are successful failures because one failure attracts another—a failure begins in your head.
Resolved, (not for pinheads, no). That the principal kick Grandpa Grouch has at me is that I am a child. He doesn't realize that the trouble is that he is an old man. This disease of growing old is a nuisance. I'm going to stay young as long as I can, cultivate enthusiasms, etc., keep interested in everything. "Unless you become as little children you shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven." That's easy to see. Children are honest, they are temperate, get the big sleep, love one another, love nature, they believe things, have faith and trust. Isn't that enough to make them happy? Happiness is the Kingdom of Heaven. The blasé, old, selfish, conceited glutton or miser can't get into Heaven because he has walked Heaven in with selfishness. The eye of a needle is a subway compared to his chance of being happy.

"THE JUNE HILL."

The roses are a-blowing, their fragrance fills the air,
The berries redden in the sun; the fields are fresh and fair;
All nature thrills with gladness, the birds sing roundelays,
But the sweating, suffering editor goes a-mourning all these days,
Why does he grieve and sigh and groan, while all around him sings?
Because the morning mail bag has no fat remittance brings.
The hills mind not the weather, they climb with elish glee,
But the low and careless reader, who is not here to see,
He languishes and litters in some cool, sequestered glade,
While his friend and brother wonders how the hills can ever be said,
Dear friends, the hill is heavy and the chariot wheels drive slow;
So get a move upon you and pay what'er you owe.

JUDGESHIP VERSUS JUDGESHIP!

(Blackstone Courier.)
Now with this settlement of the judgeship matter so far as the conduct of Judge Mann was concerned, we would like to learn something of Mr. Tucker's seeking a judgeship. Is it not a fact that Mr. Tucker has sought such a favor directly from the Republican administration? Upon the death of Judge Paul in 1901, did not Mr. Tucker file an application and endorsement before the Department of Justice at Washington to be made Judge Paul's successor. We would like to know what "inducements" he had to offer that could possibly lead the Roosevelt administration to give him such an appointment.

It will be remembered that this was during the period that Mr. Tucker was without "the house of his fathers." It has never been made plain in whose house he was during that period, but by his making application and filing endorsements for a Republican appointment, is it hard to judge in whose house he tried to show the Republican administration he was resting? But it seems the administration did not look with favor upon Mr. Tucker's application, so Judge McDowell got the plum.

Failing to get this Federal job, it seems Mr. Tucker withdrew his application from the Department and report says made a canvass of his district with a view to again becoming a candidate for Congress. Of course it would not have looked well for him to be seeking honors from Virginia Democrats while having on file in the Department an application for a Republican position.

But what interesting reading matter these papers of Mr. Tucker, submitted to the Department of Justice along with his application, would prove at this time? Would they throw any light upon whose house he was camping in during that period? Would they show anything as to what "inducements" had to be offered to secure a judgeship from the Readjusters to give any light as to what was necessary to secure a judgeship from the Republicans? We pause for a reply.

"KETCH-AWLS" FROM EVERYWHERE

A coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has luck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Eliot.

A boy told one of his playmates he was getting ready to run away to sea. Several months afterwards the boy and the playmate wanted to know if he had been at sea. "Yes," was the reply; "I was found out, and went on a whaling expedition with father."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Out in Arizona," a writer says, "From out the solid rock there gushes a stream of hot water, the daily flow being 400,000 gallons. So mild is the climate that our visitors bathe in the open air in December and January, and fully a month before the California fruit is ripe they walk about the grounds plucking oranges and grapefruit. We welcome tourists and visitors from every quarter with one sole, but inexorable, condition—none affected with tuberculosis can come under any circumstances."

DEER BECOME GREAT NUISANCE

Game Warden Gregory of Hanover says he has received complaints lately and has been asked permission to kill deer which are destroying garden patches in the western section of the county near the Louisa and Goochland county lines.

He says that this species of game has increased so rapidly in the last four or five years that the laws protecting them will have to be repealed to keep them from becoming a nuisance in this part of the State.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

There is no better preparatory education for a political career than being the editor of a country newspaper. From the running of the hand presses to the tactful pacifying of the irate rural subscriber who swears that he will ruin the paper because his prize pumpkin was not mentioned, there is included every mental gymnastic demanded of the President of the United States.—New York World.

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